

LOST SHIP'S LAST HOUR TOLD BY CAPT. SEALBY

WEATHER—Fair To-Night and Wednesday.

FINAL RESULTS EDITION

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REPUBLIC'S HEROES GREETED IN STREET BY CHEERING CROWD

**Capt. Sealby, Who Stuck by His Ship,
and Operator Binns Accorded Remarkable Reception at Pier
and on Broadway.**

With the survivors, officers and crews of the vessels which were in collision off Nantucket last Saturday safe in port, with funerals arranged for the dead and assurances in plenty that the injured will recover, today was devoted to honoring the heroes of the disaster and clearing the decks for the litigation which is to ensue between the White Star line and the Lloyd-Italiano.

The White Star line will claim from the Italian line the value of the liner Republic, which was sunk by the Florida, but the amount of damages, even if the claim is sustained, will be limited to the actual value of the latter vessel, her cargo carrying charges and fares, a total of \$1,020,000, it is estimated.

Capt. Sealby, of the Republic, landing this morning with his officers and part of his crew from the derelict destroyer Seneca, which had conveyed him from the scene of the wreck, spent a day of embarrassment.

SEALBY, LIONIZED, IS EMBARRASSED.

He is a sailor, retiring, as seafaring men are in general, and the lionizing to which he was subjected from the time he set foot on the White Star pier until he escaped into privacy was more of a trial to him than his vigil over his sinking vessel off the coast of Massachusetts.

A remarkable demonstration, indicating what the Republic's passengers who survived the collision think of the commander of the ill-fated vessel, was tendered him at the White Star offices, No. 9 Broadway, this afternoon. He visited the office with Binns, the wireless operator; Second Officer Williams, Fourth Officer Morrow and Chief Engineer McGowan to make to the officials of the company a formal report of the accident. As a result of the mishap at sea his license has been automatically revoked, and he will have to go to England, stand trial before the Board of Trade, and be exonerated of responsibility before he can take charge of another vessel.

There was assembled at the offices of the company when Capt. Sealby and his officers arrived a large crowd of Republic survivors. The company has given them the opportunity of demanding the return of their passage money or, following their plans for the cruise of the Republic by departing from New York on the Red Star liner Vaderland, sailing to-morrow for Antwerp, the White Star liner Baltic, which sails to-morrow for Liverpool, or the White Star liner Romanic, which sails from Boston Saturday, to cover the route laid out for the Republic.

GREETED BY HIS PASSENGERS.

Among those who were at the offices of the line making arrangements along these alternatives were Mrs. M. R. Baskerville, Dr. Arthur Beeson, F. D. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bourgeois and their infant daughter, who was the only baby in the collision; Major and Mrs. John Espy, Robert Friederichson, Miss Leslie Jackson, J. E. Lilly and Dr. Martin E. Waldstein. Scores of other survivors who were in the vicinity rushed to the White Star building when Capt. Sealby and his men arrived.

As soon as the Captain appeared a great cheer went up from the crowd that packed Broadway and the steps in front of the White Star headquarters. Hundreds of hands were put forward in greeting to the Captain, who bowed and blushed and grabbed here and there, all the time working his way toward the door. Behind him came Binns, the wireless hero, and others worthy of praise which was freely accorded.

The cheering was deafening as Sealby and his little company crowded through the jam in the office. Shipping men from all over the Battery neighborhood were on hand to chip in with congratulations. Sealby was overwhelmed. He shook hands with J. H. Thomas, chief of the operating department; W. W. Jeffries and David W. Lindsay, of the passenger department, and these gentlemen tried to force a way for him to the private office of Vice-President Franklin, upstairs.

INSISTED ON SPEECH.

But the crowd wanted a speech. Sealby was lifted bodily and placed upon a table. The man who remained on his vessel until he felt her touch the bottom of the ocean under his feet quailed and shivered in the face of the crowd that confronted him.

"I can't make a speech," he faltered, "because I've nothing to say. I'm glad to see you here. You must excuse me."

With that he made a leap from the table into the crowd, opened a way and rushed up the stairs. A great throng gathered outside and waited long and patiently for his reappearance.

Capt. Sealby and Operator Binns had been accorded a remarkable reception when they landed at the White Star pier with forty-nine other officers and members of the crew of the sunken liner. The crowd was brought up from the Seneca, off Tompkinsville, by the revenue cutter Manhattan.

As it was not known that Capt. Sealby and his men would reach the pier the general public was not represented there. But the other 150 men of the crew of the Republic, the entire crew of the Baltic and the pier employees of the White Star Company, less than 500 in all, made as much noise and generated as much enthusiasm as a crowd of a hundred thousand.

Capt. Sealby and Binns landed first. They had no sooner step on the dock than a rush was made for them and they were hoisted to the

THUGS FORCE WAY INTO A MANSION AND BEAT BUTLER

Pair Fight Battle With Servants of Lawyer Gillespie.

SMASH COSTLY RELICS.

Repulsed at One Door, They Enter Main Hall in Attempt to Rob.

Refused admittance by Charles Bessler, twenty-five years old, a butler employed by Robert McM. Gillespie, a lawyer and railroad president, at No. 8 West Fifty-third street, two thugs this afternoon tried to force their way into the residence. Being unsuccessful, the men beat the butler, and when they were overpowered in a struggle, during which valuable bric-a-brac was smashed, the pair ran from the house and got away before the arrival of the police.

The two men rang the basement bell and Bessler opened the door. The men said they were employed at a soap factory, and were collecting fat. Bessler replied that all the fat had been thrown away and that the men could not go to the kitchen.

Forced Into Two Doors.

As Bessler started to close the iron door the men forced their way in and pounced on the butler. They knocked him to the floor and kicked him. His cries drew several maids and George Hammond, another butler. The latter shouted that he would telephone for the police, and one of the men ran out. The other followed and Bessler closed the door and ran upstairs.

As he reached the first floor the front doorbell rang, and when he opened the door the two men again confronted him. He tried to shut the door, but they forced their way in and, in doing so, tipped over an antique gold candlestick, which smashed. Bessler fought off the men the best he could and Hammond went to his aid. The two men finally dashed down the steps, going in opposite directions. Hammond followed one, who ran to Madison avenue, boarded a car and managed to get away.

Police Came Too Late.

In the mean time Mr. Gillespie who was in his den on the third floor, had heard the crash and, being informed of the attack on the butler, grabbed a revolver and ran downstairs. When he found them gone he telephoned to the East Fifty-third street police station, but the detectives sent got to the house about fifteen minutes after the men had disappeared.

Mrs. Gillespie was ill and in her room

Wireless Hero of the Republic Who Has Won Fame With Signal "C. Q. D."



JACK
BINNS

on the second floor. The noise of battle made her very nervous and the services of a physician were required.

It is believed by the police that the men intended to force their way into the dining-room and get away with what silverware they could before the men servants in the house could be called.

POLICE BREAK DOOR WITH AN AXE TO ARREST KEIRAN

P. J. Keiran, of the Fidelity Funding Company, was arrested this afternoon in the Devonshire apartment-house, One Hundred and Twelfth street and Broadway, by Detectives Hyams and Hughes under exciting circumstances. The detective, having positive information that Keiran was in an apartment on the third floor, demanded admittance. Two friends of Keiran barred the way. The sleuths, fearing that Keiran would attempt to escape by the fire escape or the dumbwaiter, grabbed an axe from the elevator and smashed in the door. Keiran was dragged out, protesting, and

hustled to headquarters.

The arrest was made at the request of the Chief of Police of Pittsburgh, where four warrants charging grand larceny stand against Keiran.

The Fidelity Funding Company was a concern which financed the building of Roman Catholic churches and institutions. Thomas Gilroy Jr., who was appointed receiver of the concern, says that the liabilities are fully \$5,000,000 and the assets very light. Several big trust companies of this city are deeply interested in the future of the Fidelity Funding Company.

CHARGE THAT LINER REPUBLIC WAS RUNNING FAST IN FOG

After a conference between Capt. Ruspini, of the Italian Lloyd's steamship Florida; Oscar L. Richards, United States agent of the line, and Archibald Thatcher, an admiralty lawyer, the following charges were made by the above-mentioned against the White Star liner Republic:

When the Republic became visible in the fog she was crossing the bow of the Florida from starboard to port and running at a high rate of speed. The helm of the Florida was promptly put to starboard, hoping to swing the bow of the Italian steamer to starboard and to assist in avoiding the danger of collision. The other steamer was, however,

running so fast that the vessels collided.

THREE BOYS BREAK THROUGH ICE AND ONE IS DROWNED.

ELIZABETH N. J. Jan. 26.—While three boys were playing on the ice in the Rahway River at Cranford to-day they broke through and one of them, Douglas Meyer, thirteen years old, was drowned. Charles Drake, one of the other two, was resuscitated after doctors had worked on him for hours. Thomas Osborne, the third boy, suffered only from shock.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC during luncheon—Cavanaugh's, 230-250 W. 23rd st.

PUPIL STABS TEACHER IN NECK IN PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Norman Gray, Instructor of Graduating Class at No. 62, Has Wound Dressed by Hospital Surgeon, and Police and Principal Conceal Identity of Assailant.

Norman Gray, teacher of class 8B, First Division, in Public School No. 62, at Hester and Essex streets, was stabbed in the neck this afternoon by one of his pupils. After his wound had been dressed by Surgeon Axel, of Gouverneur Hospital, the school officials exerted every possible effort to keep the details of the assault secret.

The principal of the school refused to divulge the name of the pupil who stabbed the teacher, or to tell anything about the occurrence. He requested that nothing be published about the matter. It could not be learned whether the stabbing had been done by a boy or a girl.

It was said at the school that the stabbing had been done in the classroom and that after Mr. Gray had his injuries attended he continued performing his duties. His is the graduating class.

Mr. Gray is thirty-seven years old and lives in Jersey City.

At the Eldridge street station it was said this afternoon that the name of the scholar who had stabbed the teacher was known there, but that to make it public might increase the difficulty of arrest. The lieutenant on the desk

would not say whether or not the slasher had fled. The blotter contained only the bare statement that Mr. Gray had been stabbed in the neck, was treated by an ambulance surgeon and continued his classroom work.

Public School No. 62 in which the stabbing occurred is probably the largest in the world. It cares for nearly 4,000 pupils in all classes and gives employment to 100 teachers. Principal Roberts said he wanted to keep the facts quiet, so that the pupil who did the stabbing would return to school to-morrow and lay himself open to apprehension by the police.

SAVANNAH RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Pure \$150; for three-year-olds and upward; six and a half furlongs—Royal Lady, 100 (Brannon), 7 to 2; won. Judge Sautley, 106, 4 to 5; second. Dene, 98, 8 to 5; third. Time—1:24.45. Prince of Pilsen, St. Noel, Odella and Zaffre also ran.

SECOND RACE—Pure \$150; for three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs—Spring Frog, 126 (Dunlap), 7 to 2; first. Anna Smith, 112 (Murphy), 2 to 1; second. Lady Fitzherbert, 113 (Young), 5 to 2; 3 to 5 and out; third. Time—1:18. Malvina and Bright Boy also ran.

THIRD RACE—Pure \$150; for three-year-olds and upward; selling; one mile—Spring Frog, St. (Brannon), 7 to 1; 8 to 1; 3 to 1; first. Source, 103 (Murphy), 4 to 1; 7 to 5; 1 to 5; second. Big Hand, 105 (Giffen), 9 to 10; 1 to 3 and out; third. Time—1:30.25. Polar Star and Bright Boy also ran.

FOURTH RACE—Pure \$150; three-year-olds and upward; selling; one mile—Spring Frog, St. (Brannon), 7 to 1; 8 to 1; 3 to 1; first. Source, 103 (Murphy), 4 to 1; 7 to 5; 1 to 5; second. Big Hand, 105 (Giffen), 9 to 10; 1 to 3 and out; third. Time—1:30.25. Polar Star and Bright Boy also ran.

Fine New Turkish Baths now open at the new Pulitzer Building. Only first-class downtown establishment. Modern in every detail. Electric and Turkish baths at all hours, also barber shop; open day and night.

SEALBY TELLS OF DEATH WATCH ON LOST REPUBLIC

**Captain Who Stuck to Ship Till She
Sank Under Him Gives Graphic
Account of Vessel's
Last Hour.**

RACED WITH DEATH TO RIGGING AS CRAFT SANK.

**Caught Bit of Wreckage and Floated Long Before
Gresham's Crew With Searchlight
Could Find Him—Overcoat as
a Life Buoy.**

Here are the accounts of the two men who kicked the Republic away from under their feet as she dropped into her final resting place:

BY CAPT. WILLIAM I. SEALBY.

"I don't want to say anything about the collision itself or the happenings after except in a general way. Others have told those things. But I can tell just what happened on board the Republic as she went down.

"Mr. Williams and I had arranged to stick to the ship until she should sink or be beached. The derelict destroyer Seneca, the revenue cutter Gresham, the steamship Furnessia and the tug Scully were standing by—the Seneca and Gresham towing. All four vessels had their searchlights trained on the Republic. It was very dark and somewhat foggy.

"Mr. Williams and I were on the bridge. We were quite comfortable with our overcoats and blankets and really did not think the Republic was going down so soon. Both of us were tired out and somewhat stupid from loss of sleep. There was some wind and quite a little sea.

FELT VESSEL SINKING.

"Suddenly we heard a terrible rumble and crack aft and below. The stern began to go down rapidly. Then, I think, I turned to Mr. Williams and asked him what he thought about it.

"Well, Captain," he replied, "I don't think it will be a long run. Let's make a sprint for it."

"All right," said I. "When you are ready let her go."

"Let us burn a blue light," said Williams. This I did. Then I fired five shots from my six-chambered revolver to attract the attention of those on the neighboring vessels in case they should not see the blue light.

"Then Mr. Williams and I ran from the bridge to the saloon deck, making for the foremast. We carried our blue lights and a lantern. I suggested making for the foremast.

"When we got to the saloon deck forward the water was just creeping up on the deck aft and the stern was sinking rapidly. The incline of the deck was so steep that it was like climbing a steep hill to make our way forward, and we had all we could do to keep from slipping back. The water climbed up right after us at our heels.

"I saw Mr. Williams catch at the port rail and hang on, half over the side. I took to the rigging and climbed up as far as the masthead light—about 100 feet. The ship was standing with her nose out of the water and the foremast was at such an angle that if I had dropped I would have landed about amidships of the deck.

COAT WAS LIFE-PRESERVER.

"I rested at the masthead light a moment while I took another blue light from my pocket and tried to light it. The light was wet. Then I fired the last shot from my revolver just as the water swirled up and caught me under the armpits.

"Fortunately I had my coat buttoned and my revolver and my binoculars in my pockets kept the skirts down. The water forced air up under the coat and it acted like a life-preserver.

"I was afloat, spinning around like a top for a little bit. Then the ship went under and I went down in a whirl of roaring seething water. The noise and power of the whirlpool were terrible. But I shot to the surface pretty soon and tried to get my coat off.

"I came up in a mass of floating wreckage, out of which I managed to catch a couple of spars. Then I got hold of a large hatch and pulled myself up onto it, where I lay spreadeagle fashion.

"The search lights were directed on the spot where the Republic had gone down and everything about me was light as day. But I was too low in the water for the search lights to reach for any length of time and the men in the boats did not see me. After what seemed an interminable time I felt myself getting numb and indifferent.

WAVED TOWEL AS SIGNAL.

"I roused myself, got out my revolver, loaded it with greased cartridges and fired it again. Just then I saw a towel float by. I grabbed it and waved it aloft and the searchlights picked it out and it showed like a signal. A few minutes later a boat from the Gresham picked me up. I found they